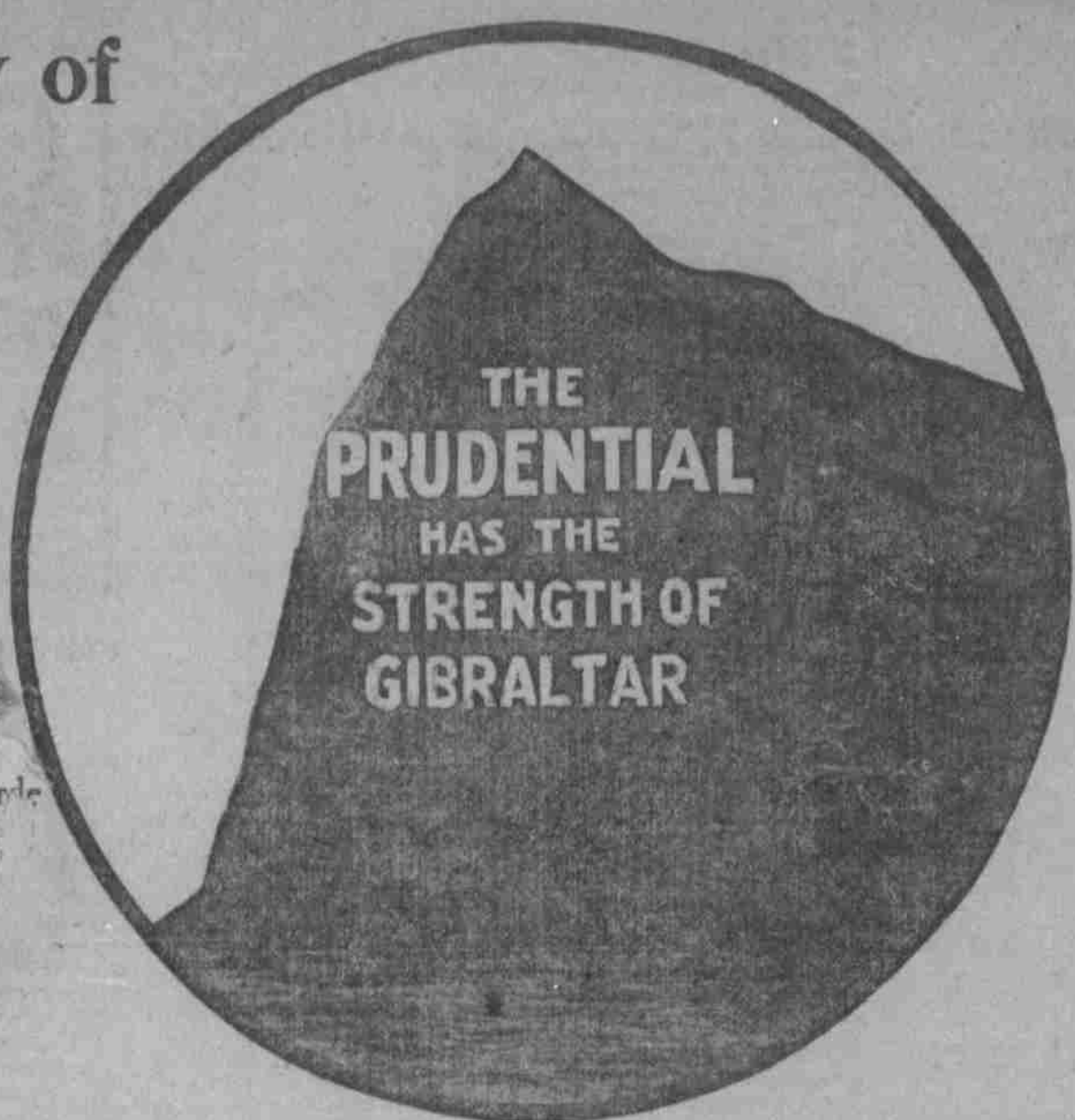


# The Monthly Income Policy of The Prudential

is the *safest* form of life insurance. The principal cannot be lost, encumbered or depreciated. It is beyond the reach of dishonest and speculative schemes. The beneficiary's lack of financial knowledge cannot affect it. The income will be paid as the policyholder wanted it paid—monthly for twenty years or for life.



## A Policy and a Premium for Every Insurable Person

Ordinary and Industrial policies. Ages 1 to 70. Both sexes. Amounts \$15 to \$100,000.

## THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

BRANCH OFFICE IN BARRE

JOHN QUINN, Agency Organizer, Dodge Building, Main and Granite Streets.

AGENTS --- W. Reid, W. M. Carswell, P. J. Bruce.

Prudential Agents are now canvassing in this vicinity. They have a most vital story to tell of how Life Insurance has saved the home, protected the widow, and educated the children. Let them tell it to you.

### LOVED FOR HERSELF

Alaric Leigh bore his fate like a man when he learned from the lips of Aurora Stanley that she was the promised wife of another. Aurora's betrothed husband was expected from Europe, and the preparations for the wedding had already begun. But one morning the thunderbolt fell.

Her father had speculated heavily and lost. Hoping to retrieve his losses, he had become an embezzler, and a forger, and his sin had found him out. He was a hunted criminal.

The dainty, spoiled child of luxury was forsaken by her butterfly friends and snored down as the beggar daughter of a fleeing criminal.

"I am so glad Charles is rich," she thought. And for the first time since she knew him she thought of him with something like affection and yearned for his coming. "The steamer came in this morning, and in a few hours more he will be here to comfort and protect me."

But before he came she had another guest.

Looking from a window of the grand mansion that in another week would be her home no longer, she saw Alaric Leigh coming up the marble steps.

"Miss Stanley," he began gravely, "I have come on a most disagreeable errand. I am commissioned to inform you that your unhappy father has returned to the city and means to give himself up to justice."

"He must not!" she gasped.

"He has no means to do otherwise," answered the young man gravely. "He sent me to tell you that if you could dispose of your diamonds he might be able to reach Europe in safety, but also establish some sort of business there by which he might some time regain an honorable name and place among his fellow men."

"Here they are," she said hurriedly, placing a heavy casket in his hands.

"Oh, Alaric, go quickly and tell him if

he loves his suffering daughter never to give himself up to a felon's punishment."

In her trouble she never thought to inquire how Alaric Leigh had become the confidant of her broken and disgraced parent.

As she spoke the bell rang loudly.

"It is Charles!" she said gladly.

"One word more, Aurora, before I go," said Alaric. "If you ever feel that you need my friendship do not hesitate to send for me."

The girl did not hear him. She only seemed to hear the drum, light footsteps on the threshold of the parlor door, and Alaric, passing out of a door opposite, looked back for a second and saw her spring into the embrace of Charles Buckingham.

"Oh, Charles, I am so glad you have come! I am in such trouble," said Aurora, clinging to his arm as she drew him to a seat.

"Indeed, my little goddess," drawled the exquisite. "What sort of trouble?" he asked.

"Oh, Charles, have you not heard of my terrible misfortune?" she asked.

"I thought the whole city would babble it to you before you saw me," she continued.

"I have heard nothing," he returned, growing anxious.

And so she told him all, never heeding his slow talk with feverish rapidity that the face of the man who had pledged to her eternal love and constancy was assuming a smile of lofty and haughty indifference that betrayed his true character.

"And so the wedding can't be?" he observed to a tone that cut through her heart like a thrust of frosty steel.

"Is that what you want to suggest, Miss Stanley? Well, you are quite right. Most girls under such circumstances would have held a poor fellow to his contract. But you are as wise as you are unselfish, and I honor you for it, Rory—poor my soul I do."

Aurora sprang to her feet, amazed and indignant at this unparalleled act of hypocrisy and his offensive familiarity.

"Thank God, I never loved you!" she

cried, and, tearing the betrothal ring from her finger, she flung it at his feet. "Go, and leave me alone! To all the world I have not a friend—not one."

"To all the world I have not a friend—not one," was the burden of Aurora's sorrow for many a weary day.

One day Aunt Betty in her faded brown silk and ancient bonnet came for the unhappy girl.

"You must go home with me, Rory. It is a poor sort of place for a fine lady, but it is better than nothing, girlie."

So Aurora went, and when the summer came again Alaric Leigh came with it. If he still loved Aurora he never betrayed the fact by any sign whatever, and perhaps that was why, with the inconsistency of girlhood, she began to think him a paragon among men. But he did love her still, and after a long, long time he told her the truth.

"An affection like mine, Aurora," he said, in his grave, straightforward way, "never changes. I can give you a comfortable home, and if you will be my wife I shall be the happiest of husbands."

"I can't marry you for a home," she answered, and a tender quaver in her voice made his heart beat faster.

"Marry me for love, then, dear," he observed audaciously.

"Oh, blind Alaric! I have loved you always."

And that was the truth.

What a quiet little wedding it was—no satin and lace and orange blossoms, only a slim, beautiful form, robed like the simplest village maid, in plain white muslin and crowned with white rosebuds.

Albion and Columbia.

"Albion, the Gem of the Ocean," was written and composed by Jesse Hammond, an English government dock official, about 1820 and was heard above all others in the theaters, music halls and on London streets. It is apparent that "gem of the ocean" fits an island more aptly than our large tract of continent, and "borne by the red and the blue" (the red of the British army and blue of the navy) is more logical than the meaningless line "borne by the red, white and blue." The lines of the English songs are almost word for word identical with our version, "The Red, White and Blue."—Exchange.

Could Do For Herself.

She was a very delightful but a very aged lady—over ninety—and her friends and relatives and even chance acquaintances, drawn by her exquisite personality, all did her homage and as the saying is, "waited on her hand and foot."

She accepted it all very graciously but with some inward rebellion, for to a very old and close-mouthed friend she once said, with a quaint pocket of lips and brows:

"I am reminded sometimes of the old lines:

"Twa were blawin' at her nose,  
And three were bukklin' at her shoe."

—Youth's Companion.

### NEW YORK WORTH SIX BILLIONS.

Big Jump in City's Real Estate Valuation.

New York, Jan. 11.—The little island of Manhattan, which the Dutch traders took over from the Indians for \$24 in beads and trinkets, showed yesterday a real estate valuation of \$4,430,355,061, according to the tax assessment books. The real estate valuation of New York City is given as \$6,323,177,804, an increase of \$267,009,518 over last year. The personal assessments for the year have not been fully made up.

Andrew Carnegie will head the list with an assessment for personal property of \$5,000,000.

### HANDS AND FEET SEEMED DEAD

Marvelous Recovery from Partial Paralysis Yoked Man by a New York Man.

The value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in severe nervous diseases is convincingly shown by the case of Mr. Oliver E. Dallimore, of No. 38 Nassau street, New York City, who says:

"A few years ago I was afflicted with paralysis and was in bed for nearly two months. I first felt the symptoms of the disease, when experienced difficulty in getting upstairs through my legs, and to support me. I consulted a physician who said I had every symptom of locomotor ataxia but as the disease developed he pronounced it Leucy's paralysis and advised me to start for my home. I gave up my work and went to London, Ontario, Canada. A well known physician was called in attendance but I rapidly grew worse."

A week later several physicians held a consultation on my case and told me that I was at death's door and had but from three to six days to live. Yet I lingered on, by this time, completely paralyzed. My hands and feet were dead. I could hardly whisper my wants and could swallow only liquids. The misery of my life was beyond description and I would have welcomed death."

"A clergyman, who visited me, as he supposed, in my last hours, told me of the marvelous cures of paralysis by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I started to take the pills. This was about a month after my sickness began and in a comparatively short time I felt an improvement in my condition. There began to be a warm, tingling sensation in my limbs, which had been entirely dead, and I could move my hands and feet a little. The improvement continued and in a few weeks I was taken out of bed for a drive and drove the horse myself. After awhile I was able to walk upstairs alone and made a visit to Niagara Falls. Slowly but surely I regained my health and strength and left London for New York City to begin my work again. In eight months I was cured of paralysis."

"To this day I attribute my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and it gives me great pleasure to have a statement of my case published."

Our booklet, "Diseases of the Nervous System," will be sent free upon request. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

### DE JANOR GIRL IS FOUND

Heiress and Elderly Waiter in Custody in Chicago

THEIR MONEY ALL GONE

Had Traveled to New Brunswick, and Thence to Boston—From There They Went to Chicago—The Girl's Story.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 11.—Robert De Janor, the young Philadelphia heiress, who eloped a few days ago from that city with Frederick Cohen, a waiter, almost old enough to be her grandfather, was arrested in a rooming house here last night, and Cohen was also taken into custody. They had been living in a cheap apartment house on the north side for the last five days.

To the police captain, the girl told a pathetic story of loneliness. She said that her mother had just died, and as her father was living in another city, there appeared to be nothing for her but boarding school. Nobody seemed to understand or sympathize with her but Cohen, a waiter, who was married and 52 years old. He was employed in the same hotel where she lived.

When speaking of her mother, her eyes filled and her voice sank to a whisper. When she spoke of Cohen, it was evident that she held him in high regard, in spite of the fact that she was compelled to pawn her jewelry to buy food since their arrival here.

Beginning with their flight from Philadelphia December 29, the girl told how they had gone to New York and spent one night there. In New York they decided to go to London, England, but fearing detection if they tried to embark in this country, they took a train to Montreal. Failing to catch the train's Atlantic steamer at Montreal, as they had hoped to do, they traveled by rail to St. John, N. B., where they boarded the steamer Corsican.

According to the girl's story, they would not allow her to have "Tootsy" with her on the boat, so they landed when they touched at Halifax, N. S. But, as their combined capital, when they started from Philadelphia, was only \$140, \$125 belonging to the girl and \$15 to Cohen, it is believed they did not

have money enough left for their passage to England.

From Halifax, the pair went to Boston, and after staying there one night hurried on to Chicago, reaching here last Thursday morning.

THE FIRST ATTACK.

Constitutionality of the Federal Corporation Tax Questioned.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 11.—The first move in the courts to attack the federal income tax upon the corporations was made here yesterday, when Lewis W. Jared of Chicago filed a suit in the United States circuit court aiming to stop the tax.

It is alleged that the law is unconstitutional. Mr. Jared is a stockholder in the American Multigraph company and brought suit in behalf of that company.

### HALLEY'S COMET HAS A TAIL

Harvard Learns of Discovery at the Yerkes Observatory.

Boston, Jan. 11.—A straight and slender tail has been discovered trailing behind the nucleus of Halley's comet, according to a despatch received at the Harvard observatory yesterday from Professor E. B. Frost of the Yerkes observatory. The tail is a faint one as yet, about ten minutes in length and at an angle of 60 degrees.

Halley's comet may now be seen through small telescopes, as a sort of blur, like a faint nebulae. The tail, however, is too faint to be caught by anything except a highly sensitized photographic plate. The comet is in the western sky in the early evening, but later in the week the moon may become too bright to permit a view of it.

### Weak Lungs

Ask your doctor to name the best family medicine for coughs, colds, bronchitis, weak lungs. Follow his advice.

Seventy years of experience with Ayer's Cherry Factor have given us great confidence in it. We strongly recommend it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, weak throats, and weak lungs. It prevents. It soothes. It heals. Just the help nature needs.

## Smokeless

Until science discovered a way to construct the Automatic Smokeless Device, and make it completely dependable, all oil heaters had one common great fault—smoke.

With the advent of the Automatic Smokeless Device, and its practical application to the

### PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

the smoke problem was successfully solved.

The Perfection Oil Heater is the only heater equipped with this

Automatic Smokeless Device

which insures a steady, full-glowing heat, with the wick turned up as high as it will go, without a shred of smoke. Reverse the motion, turn the wick down—there's no odor.

The smokeless device automatically locks and prevents the upward movement of the wick beyond the proper exposure. That is the secret. This splendid result gives leadership to the Perfection.

You may now have all the heat you want—when you want it—and where you want it—without the annoyance of smoke or odor. Brass font holds 4 quarts of oil, which permits a glowing heat for 9 hours. Brass wick tube—dampers top—cool handle. Cleaned in a minute. The Perfection is beautifully finished in Nickel or Japan.

Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not At Your Store, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agency of the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

### Strong Healthy Women

If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the many women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can be remedied.

### Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Cures the weaknesses and disorders of women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in motherhood, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and elastic.

"Favorite Prescription" banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quickens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous results.

It makes Weak Women Strong. It makes Sick Women Well. Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good." Accept no secret anodyne in place of this well-known remedy. It contains not a drop of alcohol and not a grain of habit-forming or injurious drugs. Is a pure glyceric extract of healing, native American roots.

